

Hermes

By the students, faculty, and alumnae/i
of Wesleyan University
Middletown, Connecticut
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President Colin "Back Door" Campbell leaving the blockade at Russell House during last Saturday's five-hour protest. How does he sleep at night?

Upsetting The Trustees

By Ben Binswanger

In retrospect, this past weekend was a beautiful one. I experienced Allen Ginsberg on Thursday, attended a perfect wedding Sunday, and played softball on a lovely Sunday afternoon.

Unfortunately, sandwiched between these enjoyable activities was yet another Board of Trustees meeting, the 14th meeting I've attended as a student trustee, and proba-

that your policy regarding South Africa bothers us. You have the power, we do not. You make the decisions, we must not only question them, but fight them when we think they are wrong. Calling our protests "un-Wesleyan" is sort of like calling something "un-American." Was the blockade really that threatening to you?

Please don't be frightened. We students are a pretty tame bunch. I'm afraid you'll just have to put up with us until you divest, or until you give us the power to vote "no" on your policy. And don't forget that we are just as upset and concerned as you are. You control the future of the university. Don't blow it. *

What The Hell Is A Protest Supposed To Be, Anyway?

bly the most unpleasant. The trustees had to meet in Downey House because Russell House was closed to them. It was blockaded by Wesleyan students who want to see the university divest from companies doing business in South Africa.

The Wesleyan demonstration, and recent demonstrations at Yale and Berkeley, are evidence that the divestment movement has entered a phase. The protestors are not always going to be friendly anymore. They may be disruptive. They may be irritating.

This bothers the trustees. They don't like it when things get ugly. They don't like it when they can't hear each other talk during their meetings. Colin Campbell and others feel the protest this past weekend was not a "Wesleyan-type" of protest."

Well, what the hell is a protest supposed to be, anyway? I checked with Random House. Protest is "an expression or declaration of objection, disapproval or dissent, often in opposition to something a person is powerless to prevent or avoid." I think that sums up the students' situation pretty nicely; we have voice, but not vote, at full board meetings.

I also looked up "Wesleyan-type" protest, but it's not in the dictionary. Wesleyan defines protest in the Blue Book. At Wesleyan, you can disagree, but you cannot disrupt. You can object, but you cannot act.

At Wesleyan, student trustees are expected to express student opinion. They are not expected to continually argue with the full board members. And God forbid they break the code of non-academic conduct.

Change in our society does not happen just because we talk about it. We must act on what we believe in, or we fail our society as well as ourselves.

Trustees, if our protests bother you, please remember



Photo by Oren Israelsen

student members of the Board of Trustees (you know, the ones who are supposed to represent us but don't get to vote) sit on the front steps of Russell House—the originally

scheduled place for the Board meeting—in solidarity with the blockaders. And as the sign says, Board members, what you've done so far is not enough.

Greens Issue State of the City Message:

By Beka Schreiber

In November, the Green Party surprised most political observers with its admirable showing in New Haven's municipal elections. Mayor candidate Rick Wolff received 10% of the city wide vote, ten times the number of votes needed to establish the Green Party as a minor party in New Haven.

Since the November election the Green Party has tried to keep its impetus by working outside the electoral process. Without an election to draw media attention, without a representative in local or state office, the party must depend on non-traditional ways of getting its message across. The party must also persuade voters that it is a dynamic and ongoing organization.

The Green Party's role in stopping the proposed trashburning plant in Fair Haven, an area of New Haven, is an issue being used to keep the party in the public's eye. The Green Party provided "Don't Dump On Us," a citizen's group opposed to the facility, with information on trash-burning. In a last minute change, Mayor Biagio DiLieto postponed plans for the Fair Haven facility, ordering that the matter be studied further. The Green Party has since been supplying citizen groups across the state with technical information on trash-burning incinerators.

In March, the Green Party held a political convention in order to structure their system of work flow and to plan projects for the party which will be carried out during the remainder of 1986. The Green Party decided to concentrate their efforts

on three projects: exploring the financial neglect in the New Haven public school system, exacting tax payments from Yale University, and researching alternatives to trash burning incinerators. Barbara Greenwood, an educator for 14 years in the New Haven school system and Green Party candidate for the Board of Alders in the 25th ward, believes that concentrating efforts on education in public schools will draw in more members from the minority community. She added that "one of the issues is whether our actions are going to reach out to the minority community. As people see this as a realistic alternative, they will become more involved. Right now we have nothing to offer them but a way to work."

Green Party leaders said that they were pleased with the turnout at the March convention, but they are aware of the dilemmas facing a third party seeking to supply an alternative to the Democratic and Republican parties. In nine months we've had an incredible amount of success," said Jeri Baker. "Since November it's been slow. We've been dealing with winter, the holidays, and everybody was exhausted from the campaign." In spite of this, the Green Party seems resolved. "We've said from the beginning that we're not going to disappear after the elections," said Baker. "To do that, we must present viable alternatives to things that are being done wrong in the city."

I would like to thank Jeri Baker and Barbara Greenwood for the time and information they gave me in writing this article.*

What follows is an excerpt from the Green Party's first State of the City message to be released later this month.

The state of the City of New Haven at the beginning of 1986 is both better and worse than it ever has been. In place of Mayor DiLieto's superficial State of the City message, whose sole purpose is self-congratulation, the Green Party proposes to offer a balanced assessment of New Haven today.

New Haven is better because of actions by people concerned with the injustice, the lack of democracy, and the resulting decay of our city's most precious institutions: schools, neighborhoods, housing, and parks.

It is better because dedicated residents of Fair Haven succeeded in pressuring the reluctant mayor to scrap his longstanding plan to build a dangerous, air-polluting garbage incinerator that threatened every New Haven's health.

It is better because residents of City Point have organized to fight the latest DiLieto giveaway to yet another "developer": city land for almost nothing and tax breaks for the wealthy (yacht-owners this time) so that another neighborhood could be broken up for a few hustler's profits.

It is better because the crisis of our public schools has activated many concerned parents and others to ask the hard questions about this city's obviously inadequate commitment to the major determinant of our future: our children.

It is better because residents committed to peace have once again made New Haven a leader among American cities in action dedicated to achieving a nuclear freeze, to preventing military intervention in Nicaragua, and to educating and mobilizing local people to work to prevent war.

It is better thanks to all the decent people with the courage to fight an insensitive City Hall, which spends our taxes to serve above all the richest among us.

Finally, we believe New Haven is better than it has been because a political party was born in 1985 and achieved a stunning victory in its first election. That we could achieve 10% of the mayoral vote, that our mayoral candidate ran second in eleven of the city's 30 wards, and that we could field 8 alder candidates who all achieved impressive vote totals by any standards: ALL THIS ATTESTS TO THE CLEAR SUPPORT OF NEW HAVEN FOR BASIC POLITICAL CHANGE OF THE SORT WE CHAMPION.

The New Haven Green Party is committed to being the political expression and voice of every grassroots movement for a better, safer environment; for a real democracy, in which New Haven's people make the decisions about this city's future; for a fair tax system in place of the unjust system now destroying us; and for a general policy of people and neighborhoods first before downtown and big business subsidies.

A new political party, committed to saying what the other parties are afraid to say and determined to win, is a major contribution to a better New Haven. The city needs new and better political alternatives, given the massive deterioration under the leadership of the Democrats for so many years and the inability of the Republicans to offer a really different program. The New Haven Green Party means New Havener have more real choice in politics from now on. *

Guatemalan Refugees to Speak at Wes

By Carol Gray

The Gomez family fled Guatemala five months ago. (This is not their real name; they dare not use their real name for fear harm will come to their relatives still in Guatemala.) They are presently living in Hartford as part of the Hartford Quaker's Sanctuary Movement.

The Sanctuary Movement is a reaction to the implementation of the Refugee Act of 1980. According to this law, a refugee must demonstrate a "well-founded fear of persecution on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group, or political opinion." The problem with the implementation of this law is that the US government is putting unreasonable expectations on how the refugees should "demonstrate" their persecution.

In the case of the Gomez family, they cannot document the fact that the father's name was placed on a death list because he organized a union where he worked. They cannot "document" the fact that their house was burned down. Since they lack this "documentation," according to the US government, they have not demonstrated a "well-founded fear of per-

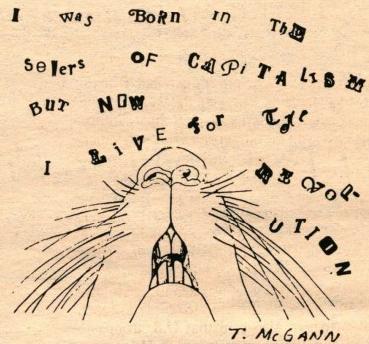
secution."

This is not an isolated case. In 1984, only 3 of the 761 Guatemalans who applied for asylum in the US were granted it. This is less than 1%.

The violence in Guatemala is tallied by the Guatemalan government which estimates that between 36,000 and 72,000 adults died of violence between the years of 1981 and 1984. (These are staggering figures when one considers the total population is only 7.2 million.) Amnesty International reports that under the rule of Lucas Garcia (from 1978-82), entire villages of 3 and 4 thousand people were massacred through "slash and burn" operations.

The newly elected president of 1985 claims to be trying to reform this violence. But still thousands of Guatemalans "disappear" and are thought to be dead. Families of those who have "disappeared" may search the garbage dumps for corpses.

MEMBERS OF THE GOMEZ FAMILY WILL SPEAK OF THEIR EXPERIENCES, on Wednesday night, April 16, at 7:00 pm, in Meeting Room I of the Campus Center.



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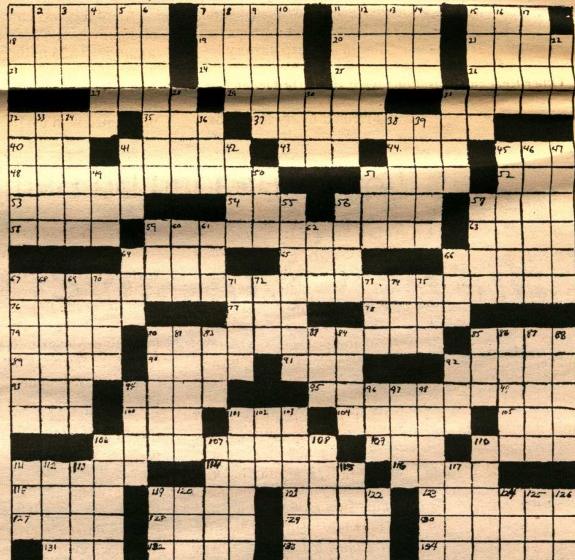
Reagan's Nicaraguan Friends

By Eileen Mullin

Across

- 1 "_____, therefore I am"
- 7 Winter hazard
- 11 "From _____ to Eternity"
- 15 Japenes apricot
- 18 Nightclub area
- 19 Monty Python's Eric
- 20 Dutch cheese
- 21 Keep
- 23 "The _____ File"
- 24 Rostrum
- 25 Writer James
- 26 French summers
- 27 Aged, to Chaucer
- 29 Biblical text
- 31 Madison Square Garden feature
- 32 Kind of furniture or mower
- 35 Kit _____ Klub, of "Cabaret" fame
- 37 Dials on rebel television sets?
- 40 Onassis nickname
- 41 Wed. follower
- 43 Certain degree
- 44 Farrow
- 45 Mongrel
- 48 Rebel rock group
- 51 Tunes
- 52 Jungle inhabitant
- 53 Tasteless
- 54 Conger, e.g.
- 56 "Bus Stop" playwright
- 57 Cadabra preцeder
- 58 After-school snack
- 59 Rebels' invention?
- 63 Dickens locale
- 64 Italian currency
- 65 Like a certain Four
- 66 One kind of code
- 67 Nursery rhyme for rebel children?
- 76 Sirius' companion
- 77 A-one
- 78 Brinker
- 79 Swiped
- 80 Quite the opposite, to a rebel?
- 85 Periodicals
- 89 Minstrel's instrument
- 90 Asleep
- 91 Age
- 92 Toss
- 93 Siam or Canton suffix
- 94 Pressing need
- 95 Disregard, to a rebel?
- 99 Ending for law 100 Gazelle
- 101 Judicial abbreviation
- 104 Not at all

- 105 Stick for pool
- 106 Voice range for rebels?
- 109 Fairy queen
- 110 Enormous
- 111 Horrible cartoon character
- 114 Girl's name
- 116 Nothing: Sp.
- 118 Pitcher
- 119 Dies _____
- 121 Type of type
- 123 "The _____ Class"
- 127 Colt's mom
- 128 _____ Lisa
- 129 Wax
- 130 German city
- 131 Cabinetwork material
- 132 Annoyance
- 133 Italian river
- 134 Seven Dwarfs member
- Down
- 1 Ending for cal
- 2 Abe's son
- 3 Latin headstone initials
- 4 "Ghosts" playwright
- 5 Space shuttle folks
- 6 Mongolian language
- 7 Secreted
- 8 "_____ Bede"
- 9 Abdominal
- 10 Exercise
- 11 Home's partner
- 12 Poe, e.g.
- 13 "Norma _____"
- 14 Scottish uncle
- 15 Addicts
- 16 Call in chess
- 17 Level
- 22 Diminutive suffix
- 28 Smear
- 30 Part of Can.
- 31 Philippine natives
- 32 Milk: comb. form
- 33 Like a crowd
- 34 Cringe
- 36 Refrain syllable
- 38 Pedro's pal
- 39 Circe, e.g.
- 41 Attempt
- 42 Where Wes phones come from
- 45 Nightclub area
- 46 Ado
- 47 Truly
- 49 Boxing win
- 50 _____ Alte (Adenauer)



- 51 Cuckoo
- 55 Famous 18th century pirate
- 56 "Let _____"
- 59 Fed. agency
- 60 Hockey star Bobby
- 61 Negative vote
- 62 Nixon, e.g.
- 64 K-O connection
- 66 Qt. halves
- 67 "_____'s Crew" comic strip
- 68 Interest
- 69 Looter
- 70 Bondage
- 71 _____ computer
- 72 Forearm bone: comb form
- 73 _____ Psi, stupid Wes frat
- 74 Paddle
- 75 N.Y. to Middletown direction
- 80 Producer Spelling
- 81 Submarine
- 82 Hundred: prefix
- 83 Extinct bird
- 84 Soon
- 85 What Sting wants
- 86 Betel palm
- 87 Species' partner
- 88 Like Rosie O'Grady
- 92 Hack
- 94 Stravinsky
- 96 _____ de plume
- 97 Better late _____ never
- 98 Actor Jason
- 101 _____ empor
- 102 Little; suffix
- 103 Famous prison
- 106 Baseballer Rod
- 107 "_____" Daughter"
- 108 Sea creature
- 110 Concert dance
- 111 Skirt part
- 112 On vacation
- 113 Actor Richard
- 115 Deserve
- 117 Challenge
- 119 Sprite
- 120 _____ vs. Wade
- 122 Summer sign
- 124 Ending for chem or cher
- 125 Forty winks
- 126 Doll's partner

Guerrillas Just Want To Have Funds

Reagan Disinforms His Way Into Wider Contra War

By Neil deMause

Well, there he goes again: no sooner had Ronald Reagan launched an attack on Libya, in the words of one U.S. official, "to assert our control over international waters," then he turned up the burners on another conflict, the *contra* war in Central America. Just one day after the March 24th attack on Libya came media reports, invariably citing "government sources," that Nicaragua had actually invaded its neighbor Honduras. 1500 Nicaraguan troops, the story went, had moved across the border in an attack on bases from which the U.S.-backed *contras* have been carrying out their attacks on Nicaragua. Immediately, Reagan announced that he was sending \$20 million in "emergency military aid" to Honduras to repel this "invasion"; Reagan also said that U.S. troops—which have been conducting maneuvers in Honduras, waiting for an opportunity like this, approximately since the dawn of time—would be sent to ferry Honduran soldiers by helicopter into the combat zone. With Congress now even more likely to reverse its vote against Reagan's *contra* aid package, this looked like a monumental blunder by the Sandinistas. More accurately, though, the Honduras "invasion" was a massive propaganda ploy by the Reagan Administration, expertly carried out with the near-total complicity of the mass media. (See box for more on the media's role.)

Reagan had already been, well, lying quite a bit in his latest push for increased *contra* aid. In his nationally-television speech of March 16th, Reagan displayed a map of Latin America that turned red before our very eyes under the onslaught of Sandinista-backed communist guerrillas. This immediately led to vehement protests by the governments of Colombia, which denied that Nicaragua was supporting that country's anti-government guerrillas, and Brazil, which pointed out that it had had no guerrillas, Sandinista-backed or otherwise, operating in its territory for the past decade. (This was the second such protest by Brazil in three weeks: Secretary of State George Shultz had made an identical claim in late February, and Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams had been obliged to retract the claim in an "explanatory letter.")

Other Reagan accusations were similarly far-fetched. He charged the Sandinistas with everything from widespread anti-Semitism (charges refuted by no fewer than



five U.S. Jewish groups) to drug trafficking (which was refuted, somewhat more embarrassingly, by Reagan's own Drug Enforcement Agency). Then, in his "I am a *contra*" radio address, Reagan even blamed the Sandinistas for the *contras'* human rights violations, claiming, on apparently no evidence, that the Sandinistas were disguising themselves as *contras* and killing their own supporters in an effort to "discredit" the "freedom fighters."

All of this was enough to bring Congress to the verge of approving a "compromise" *contra* aid package that would \$25 million in "humanitarian" aid now, and \$75 million in military aid (here comes the compromise) after a delay of 60 to 90 days, supposedly to allow time for negotiations with Nicaragua. But Reagan still seemed unsatisfied with the pace of the counterrevolution. Echo-

ing his sentiment was Assistant Secretary of State Abrams, who told a group of State Department aides shortly before the initial *contra* aid vote, "You know what would be really great is if we lose the vote and then the Sandinistas invade Honduras." A week later, it was Abrams who made the pronouncement that such an invasion had occurred.

What really happened on and near the Nicaragua-Honduras border on the weekend of March 22nd is hard to discern—journalists were barred from the area—but this much seems clear: several hundred Nicaraguan troops moved several miles into Honduras in pursuit of *contras* that had recently been stepping up attacks on northern villages deep inside Nicaragua. The Nicaraguan incursion—which did not involve any Honduran villages or civilians—was not only preceded, (smaller scale attacks of the same sort have been undertaken by the Sandinistas in the past) but also was justifiable under international law, which allows for "hot pursuit" of an invading force into a neighboring country. The fighting was at first treated with little concern by Honduran officials, with Honduran Foreign Minister Carlos Lopez Contreras stating that the incursion "does not represent a major threat to the security of Honduras," and with President Jose Azcona saying that he was more worried about the weather for his upcoming vacation. Honduras did not begin to act concerned until—as the *New York Post* proudly reported—"enraged White House officials dispatched diplomats to Tegucigalpa [Honduras] capital to threaten a cutoff of all U.S. military and economic aid unless Honduras formally requested help." Unsurprisingly, Honduras requested aid; unsurprisingly, they got it, in the form of U.S. troops and the \$20 million in aid.

This escalation has enabled Reagan not only to involve U.S. troops directly in the *contra* war, it has also given him a way to seek military aid to the *contras* without having to sneak approval of Congress. The \$20 million in "emergency" aid to Honduras includes shoulder-launched "Stinger" anti-aircraft missiles that are not needed by the Hondurans, but have long been a priority of the *contras*. These same Stingers are also included as part of the \$25 million "humanitarian" aid package that is to go to the *contras* immediately under the compromise plan, the argument being that the Stingers are "defensive weapons"—for defense against Nicaraguan helicopters while invading Nicaragua—and hence "humanitarian," not "military."

There are other escalations on the horizon. The executive order that provided the \$20 million for Honduras also authorized, for the first time, the use of U.S. military personnel as advisors to the *contras*. And as if the troops stationed in Honduras as part of what is now termed "Operation Big Pine '86" are not enough of a military presence, the Pentagon has announced plans to conduct major military maneuvers involving 20,000 personnel in the Caribbean in April and May, under the code name "Ocean Venture '86." ("Ocean Venture '81" was the practice run for the 1983 invasion of Grenada.) "This is a large exercise and it could be held in different areas of the Caribbean," a Defense Department spokesman said. "It is not meant to threaten anybody, but it shows what we have the capability to do if the need arises." Apparently, Reagan is set on finding another Line of Death—or Gulf of Tonkin—for Central America.*

Letting Reagan Be Rambo

Reagan's military actions in Libya and Honduras were met with a resounding silence from those usually relied upon to criticize the President's actions—liberal members of Congress and the news media. After putting the President under a reasonably large amount of fire for his *contra* aid package, most of the President's critics seemed willing to cry uncle in the face of the propaganda barrage surrounding the Nicaraguan "invasion" of Honduras.

Many liberals in Congress who had fought against the *contra* aid plan seemed to treat the Nicaraguan action as a personal affront. House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who had earlier said, "I don't see how giving \$100 million to the *contras* is going to bring anything but disaster and shame," turned in a fine display of Reaganic rhetoric, calling Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega "a bumbling, incompetent Marxist-Leninite communist" who had committed "a tremendous blunder." House Majority whip Thomas Foley, another *contra* aid opponent, was similarly indignant. "Apparently Nicaragua is determined to scuttle any effort to resolve this...by peaceful or diplomatic means," Foley said—according to the *Boston Globe*, "his face turning red and his voice rising in anger"—"I think this is an unjustifiable, blundering action."

The *Boston Globe* articles from which the Foley quote was taken provide an excellent example of the sort of unquestioning acceptance of the U.S. version of events that permeated major news media coverage. The *Globe*'s lead story, on the granting of U.S. aid, made no effort to verify whether reports of a Nicaraguan invasion were accurate, instead serving up no less than nine sets of "congressional sources," "senior analysts," "administration officials," and the like, none of whom risked being held responsible for any inaccuracies in the official story. The only source cited who actually gave his name—Nicaraguan spokesman Manuel Espinoza, who also provided the article's only rebuttal to the U.S.-Honduran claims—was not only buried on the jump page of the article, behind the equally unverified allegations of the U.S. "sources," but was even further marginalized by having his statement put in brackets, no less, as if to underscore that his statement was recognized to be mere communist propaganda.

The accompanying article, titled "Democrats Assail

Nicaraguan Leaders," was similarly one-sided. *Globe* reporter Adam Pertman managed to wait until his thirteenth paragraph before even briefly mentioning the dissenting opinion, stated by Senators Dave Durenberger and John Kerry and Representative Edward Markey, that U.S. support for the *contras* had made conflict of this sort inevitable. Meanwhile, both the headline and a box on the front page featuring Tip O'Neill's "bumbling, incompetent Marxist-Leninite" statement gave the impression that Congress was now unified in its condemnation of the Sandinista's and support for Reagan's war plans; refutation of this did not come until Durenberger statement on page 16, where few casual readers would even have seen it.

Reagan has reached such extremes in Sandinista-bashing that even the left media have begun to be affected. Even *In These Times*, which calls itself "The Independent Socialist Newspaper" and is one of the most widely-read left-wing publications in the country, has begun to conform to what is now the common practice of referring to Nicaragua's democratically-elected government as the "Sandinista regime." And in an astounding display of doublethink, an *ITT* article by Saul Landau that pointed out exactly this trend of "never-say-anything-good-about-the-Sandinistas" reporting was given the thoroughly-misleading headline (taken out of context from the article's one paragraph discussing the Sandinista's flaws), "Sandinistas: neither saints nor devils."

Those journalists who have tried to cover Central American issues honestly, meanwhile, have fared rough going. When *Frontline*, a news series on public television, aired a report that dared allude to the human-rights violations of the *contras*, they received a scathing attack in the *New York Times* for "biased" reporting. (Actually, *Frontline* got off comparatively easy by the standards of these Rambo-crazed times: when Rep. George Miller (D-Cal.) brought up the *contras'* human-rights violations in the *contra* aid debate on the floor of Congress, *contra* backer Dan Burton (R-Ind.) accused him of spreading "communist disinformation." Burton said that the only reason people believe the *contras* have human-rights problems at all is because the Sandinistas paid a Washington law firm to write a report that said so.)

—Neil deMause

Underground

By A. Freund

Jews and non-Jews alike had worked for years on the extensive tunnel system which made up the city underground. In the beginning only the most political of activists would go underground for planning and organizing. They eventually had an enormous store of food and weapons awaiting the arrival of the mass revolution. The main secret entrance to the Underground was in my grandparents' kitchen. People would come to the back door head directly to the pantry where there were stairs going down. My grandma and grandpa, the very ones who use the remote control to "mute" President Reagan any time he comes on the T.V., were perfectly inconspicuous Catholic wheat farmers. As events began accelerating the arrival of the revolution, violence in the streets became more and more frequent. It was actually somewhere between a revolution and a holocaust. Basically, the government was prepared to kill or arrest any Jew who stepped out of line. The leaders of the Underground were convinced that eventually even obedient Jews would soon be openly attacked. They also dreamed of rescuing all



Jews from living in fear and restriction. A call for young people, college and high school students, who wanted to be actively involved drew in hundreds of eager bodies, many of my friends included. I respected that I was not allowed underground since I was not Jewish, but I needed to be involved. Then news came that the government was taking this opportunity to also attack the long hated and feared group of "out" homosexuals. Gay men and lesbians everywhere had been demanding fair treatment and civil rights. More and more people were coming out of the closet. Much to the horror of the national government the

known statistic of one in ten people being gay was raised to three in ten as people found the freedom and the courage to come out. The men running the country felt they had to end this disgusting, hideous trend. They feared the destruction of the carefully planned institution people had come to call the nuclear family (man, wife—not woman, 1.5 kids.)

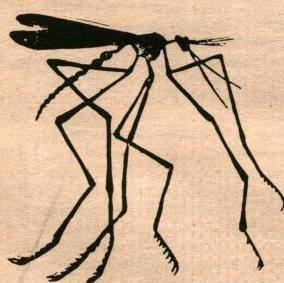
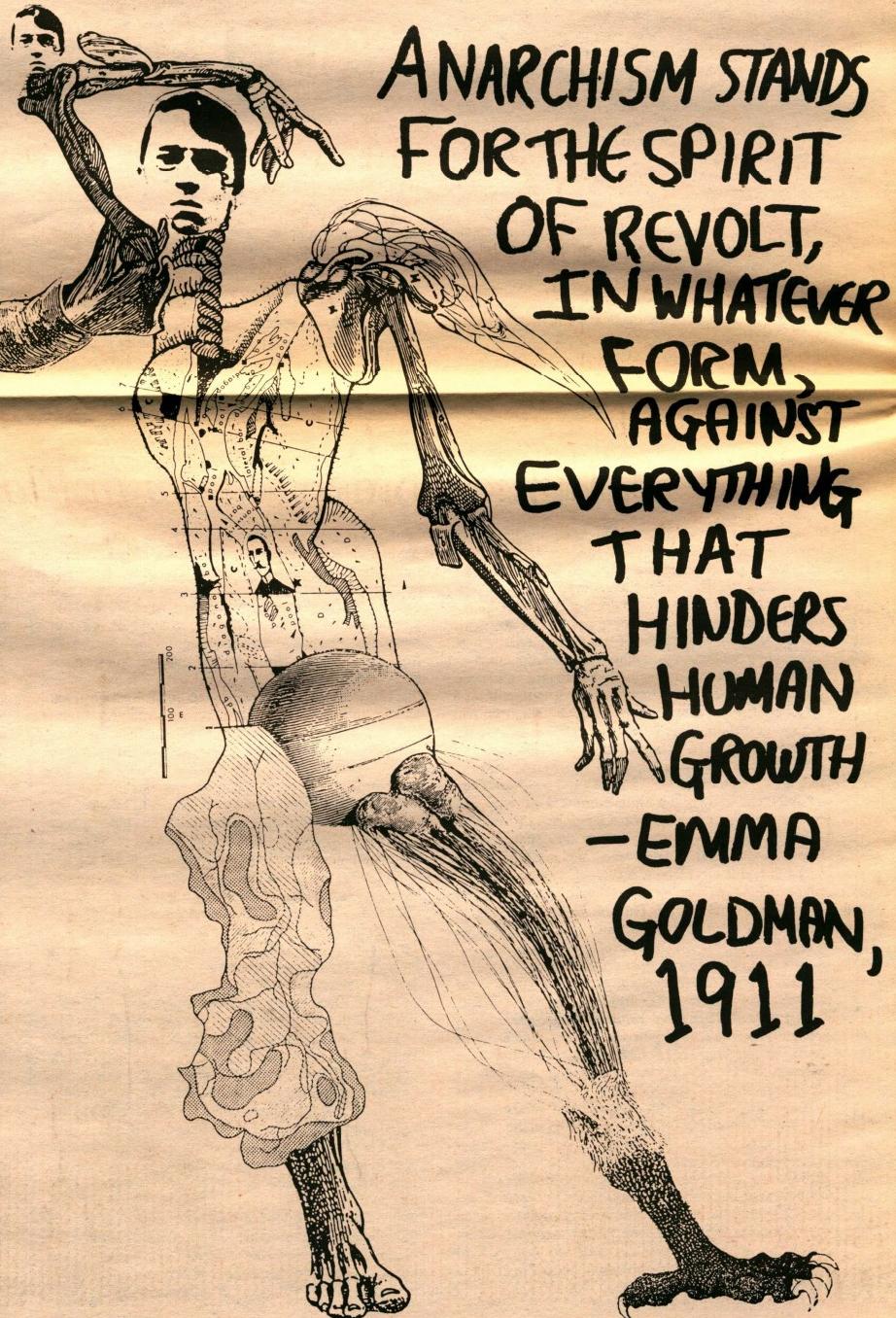
I finally had the opportunity to actively get involved. My subversive support of Jewish friends had been frustrating me and pushing me against brick walls. As a main contact of the Underground, a lesbian, and a student, I was asked to remain public and participate in demonstrations. As students, we had little more to lose than our lives. We had all committed our lives long before. The danger was very real and we were very impassioned. I don't remember how this particular event which sticks in my mind came into being. A large group of young people—gay men, lesbians, and some straight Jews—gathered at a popular straight bar to party and dance and we often did at gay bars in the city. There may have been 50 of us, each adorned with pink triangles so that we would all know our allies. Most straights in the bar (apart from our friends) didn't understand the meaning of the pink triangle label, much less have them on. As we paired off to dance in all female or all male couples, the atmosphere of the club began a transformation. People were watching and several left. We were all armed and ready for anything. Someone called the "proper authorities" and we continued to dance. The people remaining in the bar who

were not with our group formed a loosely constructed circle around us as we danced. I always wondered if they were instructed to do it, or if it just happened. After an eternity of fervent dancing, the raid squad arrived with machine guns in hand. The brief pause to try to warn the straights gave us a slight edge to strike first and go for escape. We scattered quickly, pursued by cars, helicopters, and men on foot. We could not retreat to my grandparents' house and the Underground without first "ditching" our attackers. Many more of our number were murdered in flight. Eventually a few people made it to safety. We made headlines the next day. Visibility and violence had made a lasting impression. People were reminded that our leaders were actively revolting and we would see the revolution through to its end.

I woke up in a cold, but exhilarating sweat—and somewhat sickened that I had dreamed of desiring holocaust and bloody revolution.

I had this dream about two months ago. I was initially compelled to retell it after reading about Chinese peasants and the "underground" tunnels they constructed to connect villages so that they could flee for their lives during their revolution. Imagine the starving peasants toiling through nights to dig those tunnels, usually by hand, and feel the revolutionary zeal of the people. Does it take peasants for a successful revolution? Does it take violence? I think revolution certainly requires some aspects

of both. The peasants, in some respects like the students, could afford to be involved in a revolution. They have very little to lose, YET we cannot overlook the necessity of enough passion in the revolution that the peasants will commit their lives to the cause. Violence is necessary. In the civil rights demonstrations in the sixties, passive sit-ins only got the demonstrators to a certain point. It took militancy, activism, and violence to actually make changes. That extreme pressure on the ruling institutions is the only way to effectively achieve change. Without violence, the revolution has to work through the very system it strives to change. Working passively through the system only weaves the revolution into restricting webs.



Amnesty International: Preserving Human Rights

By James Nicholson

On December 4, 1985 Father Renato Hevia, a Jesuit priest and director of the Catholic magazine "Mensaje" was arrested at the magazine's offices in Santiago, Chile. He was held in the Public Prison and charged with insulting the President and armed forces.

On December 10, 1985 an Urgent Action Appeal was sent to hundreds of Amnesty International groups around the world. In the following week thousands of letters, including 150 from Wesleyan, poured into the Minister of the Interior and the Prison warden's offices in Santiago in protest of Father Hevia's detention.

On December 19, 1985 Father Hevia was released from prison.

This is just one of the many cases that the Wesleyan campus group of Amnesty International (AI) works on each year. Although it might appear that Amnesty International is simply another outlet for "politically correct" students, the Wesleyan campus group works for the release of real prisoners and gets real results. In the past year the group has been successful in approximately one of every three cases it has worked on.

Human rights abuses are not exclusive to so-called "Third World" countries - violations occur in every nation, including the United States. Based on the belief that "the protection of human rights is a universal responsibility, transcending the boundaries of nation, race and ideology" (from AI literature) Amnesty monitors and reports on the human rights situation around the world.

AI's activities focus on the treatment of prisoners, since this is where the vast majority of abuses take place. It seeks the



release of prisoners of conscience which Amnesty defines as "people detained anywhere for their beliefs, color, sex, ethnic origin, language or religion, who have not advocated the use of violence". In addition, AI works for prompt, fair trials for all political prisoners. Amnesty also opposes the death penalty and torture in all cases.

When Amnesty learns of a specific instance of torture or political arrest, it first gets the facts of the case. Researchers at the International Secretariat, based in London, gather details in order to build a composite of the prisoner and the circum-

stances of the arrest. Cases in which the victims are being tortured or are prisoners of conscience are then assigned to one or more of Amnesty's local groups around the world.

The groups study the cases and begin writing letters to the authorities who are directly responsible for the arrest. Hundreds of letters calling for the immediate and unconditional release of the prisoner are sent to government ministers and prison officials. If the whereabouts of the prisoner's family are known, the groups send relief packets and correspond directly with the prisoners.

These letters form the backbone of Amnesty's work, and it is often these letters that offer the greatest support to the prisoners and their families. Shortly after a young law student was sentenced to three years imprisonment in an Eastern European country - for distributing petitions calling for the release of political prisoners - his father wrote to Amnesty International: "I experienced the blessing of your appeal, for you have raised your voice in defense of my son... Amnesty International is a light in our time, particularly for those on whose eyes darkness has fallen, when the prison doors close behind them."

The Wesleyan chapter forms an integral part of this network of hope. Working on specific cases, the Wesleyan group has had much success in releasing prisoners. This year alone, the group has worked for the release of a woman arrested and held in Russia for practicing religion, a mother of five children tortured in Turkey, a Spanish lay missionary being ill-treated while held in detention in El Salvador, and 300 children tortured in Iraq due to their parents' political affiliation. Amnesty is not successful in all the cases it works on, but once it begins work on a case, that work is continued as long as the prisoner is being held.

Although campus groups do not work on long term detentions, Wesleyan is part of Amnesty's Urgent Action network. The network sends out recent cases of arrest to local groups around the world who take the facts and write letters to the appropriate officials. This approach emphasizes the immediate impact that thousands of letters can make in promoting the release of a prisoner.

continued on page 11

Lizzie Borden's Born in Flames

By Dorian Harding-Morick

"We are all here because we have fought in the War of Liberation, and we all bear witness to what has happened since the war. We see the oppression that still exists... we will continue to fight, not against the flesh and blood, but against the system that names itself falsely. For we have stood on the promises far too long now, that we can all be equal, under the cover of a social democracy, where the rich get richer and the poor just wait on their dreams... Black women, be ready. White women, get ready. Red women, stay ready, for this is our time and we must realize it."

As part of the Gay and Lesbian Awareness Days Week, *Born In Flames*, a film by Lizzie Borden, was shown in the cinema on April 6th and 7th. *Born In Flames* is a "science fiction" film; it takes place in America, 10 years after "the War of Liberation", which has established a social democracy. The plot of the film revolves around the Women's Army, a group of vigilantes who avenge rapists and all generally obnoxious men who force themselves, socially as well as sexually, on women. The Women's Army is joined by members of two women's radio stations and by three editors from the Socialist Youth Review as they work toward liberation and an end to the hypocrisy of the current Democratic-Socialist regime. The Women's Army twice interrupts T.V. broadcasts with messages revealing the government's criminality; they consequently suffer harsher repression. The film ends in a bombing of the World Trade Center, as the Women's Army forces recognition of their aims.

If this were a traditional movie review of some ordinary film, you would read

descriptions of the setting, the costumes, delineations of the characters, opinions about whether the director had succeeded in making a coherent film. But *Born In Flames*, fortunately, is an unusual film. I could tell you about how well the actresses and actors performed, how realistic the scenery looked, how at times the dialogue was a bit forced and the cinematography a little shaky. But I'd rather

write about how effective the film was politically—only when films such as *Born In Flames* become as common as *The Terminator* or *Rambo*, when there's a *Born In Flames-Part IV: Women's Army Vanquishes Rocky*, will the politics be passe and the cinematographic details be most worthy of attention.

Born In Flames, ostensibly futuristic, is actually about today's world: New

York City has a black mayor, for example, but there remains antagonism toward minorities in labor. In celebrating the 10th anniversary of the War of Liberation, the mayor waxes on about the fact that his is the first true social democracy, American style - that is, still with a respect for individualism. The President addresses his "fellow Americans", introducing his new act, Wages for Housework, which actually seeks to divert women from the public workplace and put them back in the home. Evident in both the mayor's and the President's message is nationalism, which proves how mistaken they are in their idea of their state as utopian.

Born In Flames speaks to those who think that America in the 1980's is the best of all possible worlds, those who believe that after the Civil rights struggles of the 1960's and the Women's "Revolution", true equality exists. *Born In Flames* challenges the idea that socialism is the revolutionary cause and criticizes those left elitists who believe that with the destruction of the class structure, we will all be free, disregarding the particulars of racism and sexism. In this world, rape and "ghettoization" still exist and homosexuality is persecuted. Those, such as the members of the Women's Army, who insist on being heard, on being seen by the politically blind, are accused of being selfish and troublesome fanatics. We know, of course, that these insults are defenses of those in power who in their persistent narrow-mindedness force louder, more visible protest. Lizzie Borden's film both holds a mirror to our society and provides a vision of the future. *Born In Flames* predicts a future of social democracy, but warns against fragmentation and bigotry, which threaten our current political movements. *

by Artemis Bona Dea



"you can break one human body/I see t



Harry Kinne of Public Safety makes home movies at Russell House. He'll go home later and try to figure out who he knows, and who he should know. So modest, those blockaders--no one wants to star in Harry's movie. Poor Harry.

The following is a statement that was delivered to Colin Campbell and the Board of Trustees on April 12, 1986 at a protest called to voice anger at the Board's decision not to fully divest, and at the lack of student and faculty power in guiding the direction of policy at the Wesleyan:

Divestment is a primary concern of the students on the Wesleyan campus. 1500 students, a majority, have signed a petition calling for divestment. Over 200 alumni/ae have pledged not to give money to Wesleyan until the university divests. 150 faculty, a majority, have signed a petition calling for divestment. A major portion of the Wesleyan community has spoken: we call for divestment.

The trustees and administration have also spoken. The administration has arrested 130 students. The trustees have held educational sessions. They refuse, however, to take into account the demands of students, faculty, and alumni/ae. They explain that our stock values will fall if we divest. One look at the SUNY portfolio shows that this is not true. For example, SUNY Albany's endowment has grown from \$88 to \$105 million dollars this year, six months after divestment. Socially responsible investment can be good money management. But instead of divesting, the trustees gave us a vague and spineless plan-- an open

ended, slow review process of selective divestment. This is not enough. It leaves the power to define when things have "gotten better" and the power to define which companies are "good" in the hands of the trustees, many of whom work for the companies which do business in South Africa. We believe that no companies profiting from the inhuman system of apartheid are "good," and no companies supporting this system with their taxes are "good." The only way these corporations can help the situation in South Africa is by getting out.

Immediate and complete divestment has the power to change the minds of companies in South Africa, to induce them to disinvest. After student protests began to intensify in 1985, there was a 10% drop in direct investment in South Africa and 26 companies have pulled out of South Africa. We consider that significant.

Why have our demands at Wesleyan gone unanswered, not acted upon? The answer becomes clear when we look at the Board of Trustees. The structure of power in major decisions does not include students and faculty. Of the 49 people on the Board of Trustees, 10 members are students. But none of these members can vote at general board meetings. Nor can the 10 faculty

Over 120 students rallied Saturday at the Wesleyan Board of Trustees meeting, in protest of the Board's continued refusal to divest from companies doing business in South Africa.

The protest began at 10 a.m., when students blockaded the entrance to Russell House, where the Board had planned to hold its meeting. When the blockaders refused to move, Registrar Michael Young asked for the names of the blocking students, and Director of Public Safety Harry Kinne began taking pictures of the demonstrators.

The trustees, meanwhile, moved their meeting to Downey House and locked the doors. The protesters then marched to Downey and surrounded the building, alternately singing, chanting, and drumming on beer kegs, buckets, and drainpipes in a cacophony of sound that echoed through the campus. When the trustees left Downey, starting shortly after 1 p.m., students staged a die-in, lying on Downey's steps so that trustees had to step over them on their way out.

President Colin Campbell left through the back door of Downey, to cries of "Coward!" from the assembled protesters.

members on the board. The 9 Trustees elected by the alumni/ae serve only for three years and are not eligible for re-election unless re-elected by the trustees themselves. The rest of the trustees, 20 people, are internally elected by the trustees, and serve six years. The structure of the Board is, by its very nature, an internalized, non-democratic, non-representative body of governance. The Board of Trustees does not represent the opinions of the majority of members of the Wesleyan community.

We demand to have power in the group that makes decisions about Wesleyan's future, decisions not only about investment policy, but also about educational policy, the hiring and firing of professors, the amount of financial support, or lack of support, given to different departments. At the moment, students and faculty do not have that power. On this basis, we have demanded that student and faculty members of the Board be given full voting rights at general Board meetings. The trustees and

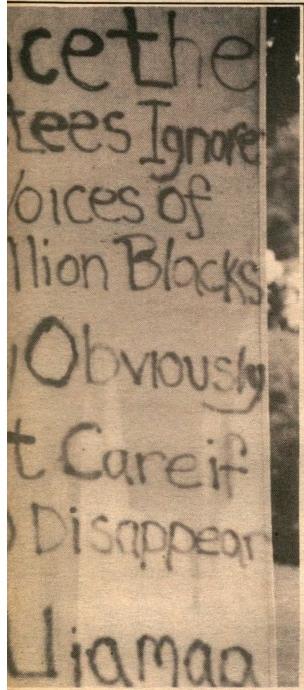


A drain pipe acts as another instrument in the orchestra. DKE supplied the empty kegs.



the protesters march from House where the Trustees h windows and doors. Did we w

housand Biko's/hey! hey! Whatcha gonna do with Biko?"



photos by Orna Izakson

Administration have refused to consider our demand. Therefore, because of the lack of significant action against apartheid, because of the conflict of interest between the two of the trustees who work for companies that do business in South Africa and their trusteeship, because of the lack of student and faculty power on the Board of Trustees, we declare the meeting of the Board of Trustees to be illegitimate. In order for the Board to legitimize itself, we demand that full voting rights be given to the students and the faculty, and that the Board adopt a policy of immediate and complete divestment; by doing this, the world will show that they represent not their own business interests, but the interests of the Wesleyan community and the interests of the majority of the people of South Africa.

The Hermes collective fully endorses these demands of empowerment for both students and faculty, and for the complete and immediate divestment of Wesleyan stock.*

To the Director of Admissions that wants to "live down our funkiness" (yes, I'm talking to you Karl):

There was a woman here this weekend who was visiting Wesleyan. You have already admitted her, and she was here to see if she wanted to accept your generous offer to attend.

Well Karl, she went to the protest for awhile, and decided that she is coming after all.

Point is, that if you just take a look, you absolutely can use the radicalism of Wesleyan students as a "selling point" in your work. On the other hand, Karl, you've just let in another "troublemaker."

Thanks for your help,

love,
-Orna I.



one student gives protesters an interesting tidbit from the Trustees' breakfast table:

By Alison Bernstein

I wish I could fulfill your request for an article reporting the events of the meeting between members of Wesleyan's gay community and members of the trustees' student affairs committee. The events of the meeting left such a profound effect on me that I find it impossible to report the events of the meeting in a non-biased form. So instead of a report on the meeting, this is my reaction to the meeting and the particulars of what occurred.

On Friday, April 11, I and five other members of Wesleyan's gay student community attended a breakfast meeting with the trustees' student affairs committee. Ostensibly, this meeting was to allow the trustees to hear the concerns of gay students from the students themselves, as well as to get some input on how last year's two reports on gay life at Wesleyan, and the proposals included in these reports, were being implemented, or at least followed up in the community at large. For the most part the trustees appeared interested and concerned with the issues of the gay community. We were asked a good deal of "insightful" questions about many of the social services at Wesleyan, and a few of our proposals for possible change were at least informally entertained. Most of our proposals, issues, and concerns were aimed at increasing administrative support for gays at Wesleyan, that is, eradicating the homophobia of this institution. The image and rhetoric of Wesleyan's trustees leaves them little choice but to support the latter aspect of this concept. Thus, we get words on paper and invitations to breakfast to assure us that the issue of homophobia is being addressed. Yet when it comes down to it, the trustees are not willing to do a damn thing beyond nice talk and polite smiles and appreciative nods to support the gay students at Wesleyan.

Towards the end of the meeting, a man who had not

spoken before spoke up. He said that homosexuality is not a lifestyle that he can personally condone, and thus felt that we were asking the trustees to support us when the best thing they could do was tolerate us. And not one of the smiling, concerned, nice-talking trustees, except for one student trustee, said a damn thing to counter his statement. No one seemed to understand our outrage at being told that we were tolerated, and that that was all we should expect. No one seemed to understand the incredible hypocrisy of the breakfast, and indeed the trustees' whole stance had just been made eminently clear.

So that, more or less, is what happened. In some ways I feel indebted to the man in the business suit, for as outraged, and violated, and betrayed as his statement made me feel, at least I am not misled any longer. The trustees may make a lot of statements about liberalism and progressiveness, and have a lot of pretense of concern, but that's about all it is. This time someone laid it on the line, they just really can't care about those of us who do not fulfill their expectations of what is normal and proper. The administration will support the status quo, and that's it.

Some of you might think that the issue is just homophobia, or that the trustee's stance is reasonable or perhaps just doesn't apply to you. Don't kid yourself, homophobia isn't the issue, underneath it all is fear, fear of something different, fear of people being who they are rather than fulfilling some ready-made plan. Fear of something shaking the status quo that folks in business suits stand on. The problem is that with or without administrative support we are coming out of our "closets," and more and more of us are rejecting their pre-fabbed lives with its pre-fabbed answers to our individual needs and questions. And that status quo is getting awfully shook up, so much so that sooner or later everything in it is going to come falling down, business suit or no.*



ell House to Downey
ated—and locked the
em?



Lelan "the Villain" Sillion walks over bodies as students
"died-in" after the Trustees ate lunch



Wolf

By Hunter Pearson

Cathryn helped the old woman with the swollen ankles into the car. She arranged her coat around her, and closed the door. The old woman turned her face, covered with liver-spots, up to Cathryn. A milky eyed smile.

"Thank you dear."

"All set, Mom?"

"All set."

The drive would make her mother stiff. The road would be bumpy. The trip would be long. Perhaps the power would be on when they arrived but more than likely the lines would have snapped over the winter, weighted down by ice or pelted with Spring hail. And in no place the electric company would find easily either. Lines would be down in the woods, probably. Where they charged extra to go because of the underbrush and the animals. So the cabin would probably be dark that night. And the old woman wouldn't get a hot meal. But she wanted to go so badly that Cathryn couldn't tell her no.

"Just a day. Just one day and one night in the country," the old woman had said. It was Cathryn's only visit that year, so she got into the driver's seat and headed out the driveway with her fragile cargo beside her.

Outside the city limits the earth swelled and sank beneath the highway. Cathryn's mother looked out the window at the corn and at the sky. She watched, just as Cathryn used to, the transition from dairyland to forest. There was a 60 mile overlap between the first scrubby white pine and the last skinny Holstein. She watched the rows of corn and then the rows of trees. They mesmerized her. The sun streamed into the car from the right. She was never too warm. She sat on the car seat toasting happily.

"Knee high by the fourth of July," she said absently. Cathryn scanned the corn.

"Not going to make it, is it Mom?"

"I fear for the farmers this year. The winter was bad, and now it's so dry." The old woman shook her head, but her expression betrayed a lack of interest in what she was saying. Cathryn glanced at her mother's profile. There used to be a different look in her eyes. Cathryn remembered when her gaze had been steady and probing. When the concentrated ability to survive was cloaked in the warm folds of her eyelids. It had been a hard winter for the farmers and for Cathryn's mother.

The highway bore both women along.

Near Watertown they drove past a lumber yard. "During the depression this whole place closed down because of strikes. Once on our way up to the cabin a striker threw a brick at our touring car. It made me so sad." The old woman said.

"How old were you?"

"Eleven."

"And it didn't frighten you?"

"No, it just made me sad. Sad for my father. He didn't fire a single man during the depression. All of the city called him a communist but he just took paycuts with everyone else and kept everyone on...just to have other men throw bricks at his car. His own workers loved him." Cathryn wondered about this last statement. After a silence the old woman's voice took on a different tone, soft but definite. "I'll tell you, that's one experience you children haven't had. When I was a child we knew the wolf was at the door. You children don't even know what the wolf looks like."

"Your family had a pretty thick door in the depression living in the city with all the other bosses, Mom" Cathryn said, keeping her eyes on the road and the sarcasm from her voice. "What chance was there *really* that that wolf would get in?"

"It didn't matter," her mother rattled back. "He was out there. We could feel him."

Cathryn knew all about the wolf. He had been just outside the door throughout the depression, and on into the second world war. But once Cathryn's uncles were safely home from the Pacific, he seemed to have retreated, which explained why no one Cathryn's age had ever seen him. "You live such protected lives, you children." Cathryn's mother concluded, as her attention faded back to the row of trees off the road's shoulder.

Late one Autumn, when Cathryn was ten, her mother took her up to close the cabin for the Winter. By the end of the week Cathryn had become restive in the silent woods.

"There's nothing to do, Mom. It's lonely up here." Her mother drove her to the nature preserve north of their cabin. Predatory animals indigenous to the area were being killed off by hunters for interfering with the deer hunting season. The Nature Conservatory had collected specimens of all these animals and put them on 400 acres with a fence around them. Cathryn's mother drove along the dirt road in the preserve. There was already a thin layer of snow on the ground and the white pine trunks were frosted with gray. Cathryn peered distrustfully out the window and then at her mother. All at once her mother stopped the car.

"Look!" she whispered, pointing. "You see?" A timber wolf stood off to the right of the car, about 20 yards into the forest. "He's come to take a look at us. Your grandfather used to shoot wolves like that and bring their skins home for my brothers and me to play on. All four of us could fit on one skin at the same time...see how big?" The creature Cathryn saw seemed as big as six dogs. Her teacher had read to her about timber wolves. She paraphrased

"His white legs and belly hide him in the snow. His gray head and back hide him in the forest. He is invisible in the forest in the wintertime. It's camouflage." The wolf had ice-blue eyes. "You're not supposed to be able to see him," she whispered.

"Well, not if you're a deer at any rate," her mother quipped driving on. "Well, now, today turned out to be interesting after all didn't it, Kitty-Cat?" Cathryn's concentration held fast to the enormous beast which stood motionless except for the turning of his massive head to watch the car roll out of sight.

After that, when Cathryn was afraid of the dark, it was because she imagined the wolf was hiding in it. Sometimes she imagined she heard it breathing behind her. Having been raised with her mother's proclamations about the wolf at the door, the animal came to mean fear itself to Cathryn. Whenever her mother made reference to the

"spoiled generation" to which she believed Cathryn belonged, Cathryn thought back on the only wolf she had ever seen and was glad he wasn't at the door.

Cathryn pulled the car up to the cabin on Island Lake. She fiddled with the locks, and let her mother into the house. The old woman walked into the center of the darkened, musty living room and turned around. She inhaled the smell of the pine wood, and laid her hands on the back of the overstuffed chair in front of the fireplace. Cathryn stayed at the door, tinkering with the fuse box.

"What would be nice is a little light in this place," she said. She flipped a switch and the yellow lightbulb in the living room "chandelier" went on.

"Drat!" said her mother. "that just means we'll just have to look for the thing that's been broken...I know something won't work," she said wryly, a dim sparkle in her eye. "There's always something, dear old house."

Cathryn went about "opening the house for the season" which would only last for one day and one night. She pulled the shutters down from the unshaded windows, swept the bare floors, and traced spider webs down from the edges of the ceiling beams. She muttered to herself and to the house as she worked. She called the house an "old dinosaur...a dirty old dinosaur..."

Cathryn's mother sat on the creamy old rocker on the screened-in porch humming a crackly alto hymn part. Cathryn brought her iced tea from a thermos.

"I'm feeling revived!" her mother told her. "Let's go out and look at the island." It gratified Cathryn to see her mother be enthusiastic. The trouble of opening the house for just one day and one night diminished.

Cathryn helped her mother change into dungarees, and then went out to turn the canoe over. Her mother stood uncertainly on the beach behind the cabin as Cathryn dragged the peeling aluminum canoe to the shore. She settled the old woman into the bow of the craft and pushed off.

When Cathryn was small her mother had paddled stern. Now Cathryn ferried her mother around the island. Throughout the tour her mother's eyes rested on the three tallest trees on the island. There was a nest in one of them, and she was watching for the eagle to come. Cathryn had learned young not to land on the island for fear of disturbing the eagles that nested there. Instead she circled the island, once, twice. Her arms were tired.

"Let's just drift for a while," she said. Little rills of water lapped the sides of the canoe. She was sleepy. The rays of the afternoon sun, the motion of the water, and the long drive behind her fatigued her. She looked at the hunched lady in the bow of the canoe. She looked small and Cathryn felt protective of her. Cathryn looked into the dark spaces between the pines on the shore. She saw no trace of the wildlife she knew was in the forest. Unperceived, it might be watching, but beside the breeze there was no visible stirring in the woods.

Cathryn's mother interrupted her watch with a rhyme from one of Cathryn's nursery books. She had saved them, intending to read them to her grandchildren, and still paged through them in resignation.

"Hush Hush said the fish in the water

I am waiting for a letter from my only daughter."

She turned around to look at Cathryn. The old woman was grateful to Cathryn for her visit, and she had recited the rhyme to tell her so. Her eyes touched Cathryn and Cathryn's feeling of protectiveness swelled to love. Usually a foundation for feelings of responsibility, the love rose up in Cathryn on its own.

"Dear Fish," she heard herself begin softly, "It is very uncomfortable back here in the stern. My arms are tired. Hope you are well. We are going home, now. Much love, your daughter." The women remained looking at one another until a wavering figure appeared over the trees to the west and caught the old woman's eye.

"Look!" she whispered. The eagle glided on an unseen air current toward its nest. It clutched something in its talons. The object moved. A glint in the sun. "With a fish!"

"A fish...huh!" Cathryn said, her attention switching to turning the canoe around. She paddled silently back to shore. In the twilight, Cathryn handed her mother out of the canoe, and dragged it back up to its resting place beside the wood pile. She could see her mother's silhouette, already in the kitchen window, preparing dinner.

That night the woman sat before the fireplace after the sun was down.

When Cathryn was younger, the fireplace in the country seemed like a replacement for the television. She used to watch the fire with the same somber attention she had paid the t.v. Cathryn had been allowed to watch only programs that were not "mindless." The news, her mother said, was not "mindless." *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom* was not "mindless," and neither were documentaries. Cathryn's mother would sit needlepointing on the sofa. Cathryn would fold her legs "Indian style" directly in front of the t.v. screen. Her long, brushed hair would hang down the back of her nightgown.

When Cathryn was 12, her mother did not open the country house until July. They watched television all of June. There was an assassination that month. The day it happened, Cathryn and her mother sat down knowing ahead of time what would be on the news. Cathryn watched the news that night with an even graver expression than usual. She was used to seeing newreels of soldiers. She was used to trying to determine which were North Vietnamese and which were South. Though she knew it was crucial, she could not keep track of which the United States was helping. Her resulting muteness when current events were discussed in school disturbed her. She forced herself to absorb every detail of the assassination. She was determined to grasp at least something of what was going on. She turned to her mother to check her facts. Her mother's stormy expression frightened her.

"So...why'd he get shot?" she had asked, floundering, facts slipping from her head.

"God knows...the bastards!" her mother hissed. Cathryn looked at the t.v., once more at her mother, and headed up for bed early. "Bastards!" her mother muttered again. "Give them the world on a plate and all they want to do is stir trouble!"

"Who?" Cathryn asked her mother, who made herself smile for her daughter.

"Ungrateful members of a just society." was the answer.

Safety makes home movies at Russell House. He'll go home later and nows, and who he should know. So modest, those blockaders—no one

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*the protesters march from Russell House to Downey
House where the Trustees had retreated--and locked the
windows and doors. Did we warn them?*



200 Disappear

photos by Orna Izaksom

student affairs such a profound report the event instead of a report of the meeting at the Wesleyan's general meeting. Ostensibly, with the concerns the concerns themselves, as well as reports on general included in the least followed part the trustee the issues of "inside deal" services at Wesleyan our proposal increasing admissions that is, eradication image and the little choice by Thus, we get to assure us addressed. Yet not willing to smiles and apply Wesleyan.

events or situations in which a student affiant may be compelled to testify against his or her own child, and five other situations of what occurs in the family unit attended by the affiant.

impossible to my reaction to any members of the trustees to hear students them concerned about the proposal's aims, or a member of the society asked a good proposal for the trustees to consider. Motivated by the students who had been entertained at Wesleyan, the trustees decided to establish a new institution. This is because of this conception of the trustees' aims to break away from talk and politics.

So that, more often indebted to the hypocrisies of the past than to the reality of the present, we told that we were expectant. No one instance had just come failing down.

"you can break one human body/I see ten thousand Biko's/hey! hey! Whatcha gonna do with Biko?"

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The trustees, meanwhile, moved their meeting to Downey House and locked the doors. The protesters then marched to Downey and surrounded the building, alternately singing, chanting, and drumming on beer kegs, buckets, and drainpipes in a cacophony of sound that echoed through the campus. When the trustees left Downey, starting shortly after 1 p.m., students staged a die-in, lying on Downey's steps so that trustees had to step over them on their way out.

President Colin Campbell left through the back door of Downey, to cries of "Coward!" from the assembled protesters. The protest ended, slow review process of selective divestment. This is not enough. It leaves the power to define when things have "gotten better," and the power to define which companies are "good" in the hands of the trustees. Many of whom work for the companies which do business in South Africa. We believe that no companies profiting from the inhuman system of apartheid are "good," and no companies supporting this system with their taxes are "good." The only way these corporations can help the situation in South Africa is by getting out. Immediate and complete divestment has the power to change the minds of companies in South Africa, to induce them to disinvest. After student protests began to intensify in 1985, there was a 10% drop in direct investment in South Africa and 26 companies have pulled out of South Africa. We consider that significant.

Why have our demands at Wesleyan gone unanswered, not acted upon? The answer becomes clear when we look at the Board of Trustees. The structure of power in major decisions does not include students and faculty. Of the 49 people on the Board of Trustees, 10 members are students. But none of these members can vote at general board meetings. Nor can the 10 faculty members on the board. The 9 Trustees elected by the alumni/ae serve only for three years and are not eligible for re-election unless re-elected by the trustees themselves. The rest of the trustees, 20 people, are internally elected by the trustees, and serve six years. The structure of the Board is, by its very nature, an internalized, non-democratic, non-representative body of governance. The Board of Trustees does not represent the opinions of the majority of members of the Wesleyan community.

We demand to have power in the group that makes decisions about Wesleyan's future, decisions not only about investment policy, but also about educational policy, the hiring and firing of professors, the amount of financial support, or lack of support, given to different departments. At the moment, students and faculty do not have that power. On this basis, we have demanded that instead of divesting, the only sensible investment can be instead of diverting, the members are students. But none of these members can vote at general board meetings. Nor can the 10 faculty

To the Director of Admissions that wants to "live down our funkiness" (yes, I'm talking to you Karl):

There was a woman here this weekend who was

visiting Wesleyan. You have already admitted her, and she was here to see if she wanted to accept your generous offer to attend.

Well Karl, she went to the protest for awhile,

and decided that she is coming after all.

Point is, that if you just take a look, you absolutely can use the radicalism of Wesleyan students as a "selling point" in your work. On the other hand, Karl, you've just let in another "troublemaker."

Thanks for your help,
love,
-Orna I.

By Alison Bernstein

photos by Orna Izakson

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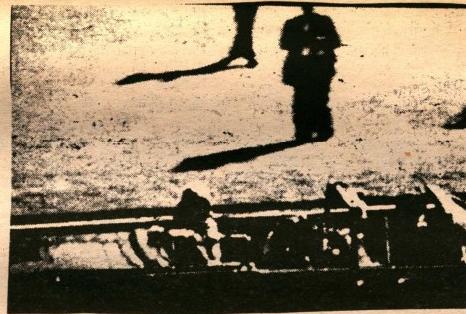
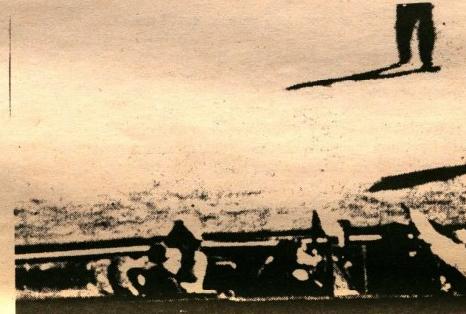
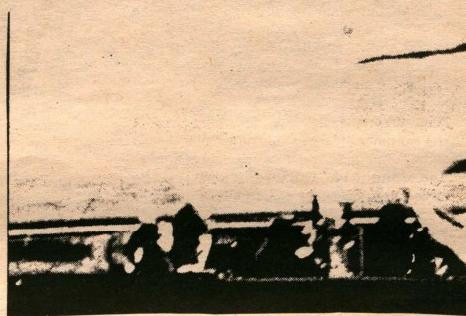
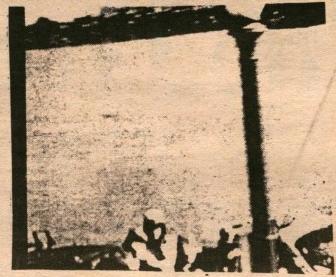
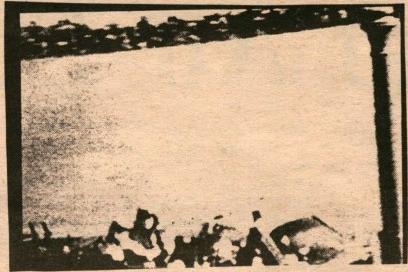
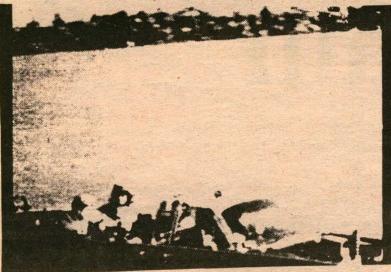
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"Oh..." Cathryn started off for bed again.

"There's *Wild Kingdom* tonight, Kitty-Cat." Her mother said reassuringly. "Maybe it'll be something nice," Cathryn returned slowly to her place in front of the t.v., still wide-eyed and silent. Marlan Perkins was setting the scene. Cathryn scoffed at him. He always seemed to be in a van with shatterproof glass when the wild boar, unaffected by the tranquilizer dart, charged the safari guide. The safari guide usually was only wearing khaki bermuda shorts. He would be holding a special net. He would throw the net over the boar. Then there would be an ad for life insurance.

"I hate Marlan Perkins," Cathryn turned to say to her mother with vehemence. "He's chicken," her voice was thick with scorn. She did not hear him introduce "...the mighty timber wolf of the canadian wilds..." Her mother hushed her and pointed to the screen. Cathryn turned back just in time to look into the clear blue eyes of "...the powerful she-wolf, filmed here by our camera man Rick with a sensitive tele-photo lens..." The wolf sat on a rock in the sun. The tip of her pink tongue hung out of the side of her mouth.

"Remember the one we saw?" Her mother asked. Cathryn's heart skipped. She scooted back from the t.v. and watched the rest of the program in silence, leaning up against her mother's legs. It was very clear that the connection between disaster and the wolf was a universally known phenomenon. Later as she tried to sleep, images of muddy, unidentifiable soldiers running, handsome families grieving, and "powerful she-wolves" hunting circulated in Cathryn's mind. Possible dangers overlapped in her mind with horrendous impossibilities. With consternation she realized that she would spend yet another current events period in bewildered silence.

The fire flickered in the hearth, the drive North had worn the women out. Cathryn stared into the fire and her mother laid her head on the overstuffed chair cushion and closed her eyes.

"I'm glad I was able to give you this," the old woman said finally.

"What?"

"Oh, this. This room at night...all your life. You've loved it, haven't you?"

"This room?" Cathryn said looking around her at the whitewashed walls, the black rectangular windows looking out on the solid darkness of the woods, the bare pine floors. "Sure..." she said uncertainly.

"I'm glad. We always loved it."

"Of course it was always a little scary." Cathryn smiled, still uneasy with the night at such close proximity.

"Oh?" her mother's brows furrowed, her eyes still closed.

"Well, all this darkness is a little much for a kid," Cathryn explained. "But this room was always filled with such laughter. It was so lively."

"Maybe when you were small, Mom. With your brothers and your parents and everything. But I mean it was always just us when I was young. I mean, I liked it, it was just frightening sometimes."

"Oh dear," her mother said, opening her eyes to look at her.

"Sorry," Cathryn smiled. Her mother gave a weak sigh and rose to go to bed. Halfway out the door she stopped and turned.

"But you didn't mind me," she fixed her daughter with a perturbed expression.

"Oh no Mom!" she said getting up to go to her. "You usually kept me from getting frightened."

"Good." the old woman smiled, and walked to the bedroom, aided by her daughter.

In the night Cathryn woke up in the bed beside her mother's. She swung her legs to the floor and sat looking at the woman in the glow of the nightlight. Elements from Cathryn's own life presented themselves to her. Her own bed, the lover who would never give her children, her world apart from these few weeks spent annually with her mother. They had no place in this house, she thought, and it disturbed her that they should come to her now. Her mother's cheeks were hollow. Her thin, white hair was mashed against her skull by the pillow. Her eyes were sunken. Chill Northern Summer air crept up Cathryn's nightshirt. Her feet were cold on the bedroom floor, and goosebumps came out on her arms.

"What an old lady," she thought. "What an old, old..." Despite the nightlight, the room was too dark. Its gentle glow did not extend into the corners.

"Mom?" Cathryn shook her gently. "Mom!"

"What?" the old woman muttered wakening, confused.

"Wake up."

"No, darling..." When Cathryn was small she did this very thing when she wanted to sleep with her mother after a bad dream. Her mother would gather her into her bed and the beasts from the dream would not dare to follow her there.

"Wake up!" she said softly, urgently.

"No, no..." her mother said and drifted back to sleep. Cathryn's clammy feet stuck to the floor. She tried telling herself to go back to sleep but her eyes fixed on her mother, motionless in the bed except for the rise and fall of her chest. Waiting. What was this paralysis, Cathryn wondered?

She determined its origin. She did not take her eyes from the old woman but she heard it. The clicking of toenails on the wooden floor. The brush of fur against her leg. A deep breathing. The wolf was in the house. *

The Great Air Scam

FLY SMART

Over spring break I had the dubious distinction of not getting onto three Peopleexpress (read: cattlecarexpress) flights in a row to Cleveland. Who wants to go to Cleveland for break anyway? Yeah, well, I have a friend who goes to Oberlin and he's about to graduate and... What happened was this: I got to Newark airport at 4:15 on a Friday to catch the 4:40 flight. As I was checking my backpack I was told that my flight had been delayed by 45 minutes, and that it was leaving from gate 26. So I went to get myself something to eat, and moved slowly to the gate. I got to the gate at 4:45 (a good forty minutes before my flight was to leave) only to be told that on account of the "ten minute rule" I had lost my reservation and would have to wait on "priority standby" for my flight. If I did not get onto that flight I would be put on "priority standby" for the next flight and would receive "compensation."

Now Cattlecarexpress seems to have a sub-language of its own, so for the sake of clarity I would like to (and even will) give some definitions for the legitimately confused:

1) **The Ten Minute Rule:** This is the rule that People's uses to cover their ass, since they confirm reservations for 150% of the seats available on any given flight. They don't tell anyone about it, which makes it all the more effective, especially when flights are delayed. They seem to think that it is "common practice" to do this (as one of their agents said to me that evening.) So, you've got a "confirmed reservation" which isn't good for anything if you're late, or if you don't want to be an hour early for a delayed flight. If you want to leave on People's, be there that hour early.

This term may also be used as a verb, as in "I got TenMinuteRuled."

2) **Priority Standby:** After they've bumped you with the Ten Minute Rule, they call you this to assuage your rightful wrath. Whether it has any actual meaning beyond this function is unclear. What, exactly, do you have priority over? For example, you don't have priority over passengers who were TenMinuteRuled off a connecting flight, or people who get TenMinuteRuled off any subsequent flights. The only people you do have priority over are the people who just showed up trying to get on. The difference is that you had a "confirmed reservation."

3) **Confirmed Reservation:** This is what they tell the first plane-plus-fifty people who want any given flight. As in, "You have a confirmed reservation for Peopleexpress flight #666 to Hell, departing Newark airport at 5:12 a.m., arriving at Bermuda Triangle for the transfer at..." As with Priority Standby, it is unclear this term has any meaning beyond this function.

4) **Common Practice:** That which is done by Peopleexpress. Although they would like you to believe (and would like to believe themselves) that all airlines operate as they do, their vision is simply much narrower than that of frequent flyer or otherwise reasonable person. They do not claim to be reasonable, they just claim to be cheap. And they're not that cheap anymore.

5) **Compensation** (the one you've all been waiting for): You knew that there had to be *something* worthwhile

about the Cattle van, and here it is. This is where it all gets paid back. Compensation is a free, round-trip ticket on any domestic flight. (Unless you were bumped from a London or Brussels flight, in which case the round trip ticket is to London or Brussels.) These tickets may be used for any two flights; for example, you don't have to go to California and back, you can, instead, go to California and then to Oklahoma City (via Denver). They are good starting the day after you get bumped (so you can't use it for that trip) and last for one year. They are also non-transferable—the person in whose name the ticket is written is the only person who can use it. Although they don't ask for I.D. when they give it out, they may ask on the flight when you try to use it. Sometimes if you get bumped they say the word "compensation" very softly, and take the few people in the know or who happened to hear them into a room far away from the commotion, so if you're not careful you might miss it. In other cases (like mine), they were actually asking for volunteers—people who would relinquish their seat on a flight for compensation. It's surprising how few people take them up on this, although some do.

I didn't make it onto the flight that I had the Confirmed Reservation for, and so I got put on Priority Standby and got my Compensation. The problem came when I tried to get onto the next flight, when I found that I didn't have priority over the people who'd been TenMinuteRuled off that flight. Now I don't want to screw other people, but I'd been in that airport going on five hours at that point (the 8:35 flight had been delayed an hour) and I just wanted to get to Cleveland, already. They were asking everyone to volunteer to trade their seat for Compensation so that the extra people (with Confirmed Reservations) could get on. There wasn't going to be extra room for anyone, and there certainly wasn't going to be any room for me. My friend in Cleveland suggested that I bitch about it, because at best I'd get on the flight and at least it would keep me amused. I kept me amused. But they ended up cancelling the flight due to weather conditions in Cleveland. The people who hadn't volunteered for compensation got nothing, because People's doesn't compensate for Acts of God.

I quickly got a sticker on my boarding pass for the 11:00 p.m. flight for which there was some unreserved space. At 11:15 they cancelled that flight. At 11:30 the Cleveland airport opened up again, so that the late flight could have left.

So I took the bus back to Manhattan and stayed my mother's house, having made a reservation (a Confirmed one) for the next day. My mom made me noodles at midnight. Thanks mom. Many people just spent the night in the airport; 5 1/2 hours was enough for me.

But I've forgotten to mention—my backpack went to Cleveland on my reservation. It actually even got there on time. But I didn't know that at the time, because we were supposed to take it off the plane at one point so that I could catch a flight on United (same price to Cleveland) after I got bumped from the first flight. Not having any clothing or my toothbrush, etc. proved to be a minor inconvenience.

I went back out to Newark the next day traveling quite light. I got to the gate in plenty of time got a sticker on my new boarding pass, and sat down to talk with all my new friends from the night before. One couple had been bumped from my flight and had been trying to make a connection from London. They had spent the night in an airport hotel—no inexpensive affair. One woman was in a hurry to get to Cleveland (she'd been bumped from my flight too) because her grandmother was dying in a hospital there and might not live till People's decided to let her granddaughter fly. All the *flyers* were nice; the staff was rude at all times.

That flight got cancelled due to lack of crew (an Act of God, presumably, since it didn't merit Compensation). What was almost an ugly scene was averted at the last moment when they found a flight engineer, and we were on our way, only half an hour late.

I even found my backpack when I got to Cleveland. It only took forty-five minutes. And I drove back to Middletown.

When I finally calmed down about the whole affair, I began to hear stories of how people scam People's for the free tickets, and it occurred to me that I had most of the information/experience necessary to run a very successful scam. So if you were wondering how to get there from here without paying the fare, People's is the ticket.

As you probably know, with People's you don't actually pay until you're on board. So I didn't pay 'til the Saturday flight (and my backpack flew free because they didn't mark it on my boarding pass on Saturday, and I didn't happen to mention it. They also don't check baggage claim tickets in most airports other than Newark, so it is quite possible to send large packages for free in this manner.) Yes, I left, went to mom's house, and might never have come back (if my clothes weren't all in Cleveland). Free ticket in my hand. So what could be simpler?

The road to the free round trip need not be paved in pain and frustration. If you've planned it, it will provide you with nothing but joy. Simply make a reservation, preferably for a rush-hour flight to a popular place (Cleveland?) and get bumped by volunteering for compensation or by getting TenMinuteRuled. If you get a sticker on your flight pass, stick around for a while to see if anyone else gets bumped, and offer to take compensation. The worst thing that happens is that the flight is about to board and you just don't get on.

You ask, why don't they expect to take the next available flight out? Not if you just disappear, or if you say that only that flight can get you to your destination in time to do...whatever it was you had to do there. Be creative—all sorts of stories can work. And you'll enjoy giving People's what they deserve. They do keep track of who they give Compensation to, but many people run this scam regularly, and I've yet to hear of anyone getting caught. Besides, do you *really* want to fly the Cattle Van that often?

Hope your break was better than mine. But next break will be better still for all of us—on the People.*

or: how to fly on the people

By Ornzo

FLY SMART **FLY SMART** **FLY SMART** **FLY SMART**

It's called Pick Up & Go™ and to get in touch with it, simply dial 1 (800) 445-9494 and a pre-recorded voice will guide you through your reservation. You don't have to say a word. There's just a few things you have to know:
Any seven digit identification number you want (for instance, your phone number).
The origination and destination airport codes on this page.
The month, day and time you wish to travel.

Pick Up & Go will begin by asking you to enter that information by pressing the appropriate key on your telephone. Be sure to end each response with this sign: ■

Enter the day: The 5th is ■ the 15th is ■ 5
Enter your desired departure hour and A for AM or P for PM. For example, 1:00 PM is entered as 1P ■ 0 ■ 0
If you should run into any confusion, simply use the HELP command by entering *H: ■ ■ ■

To review your reservation, use the LIST command by entering *L: ■ ■ ■
To conclude your reservation enter *X: ■ ■ ■
If you know the system well enough, you can take the Pick Up & Go short cut. Simply enter the information continually—without waiting for the prompts. Again, be sure to end each response with the # sign; Identification number #, Month #, Date #, Originating Code #, Destination Code #, People #, Time #.

After you've taken the short cut, Pick Up & Go will respond with the available flight numbers.
And, in addition to reservations, Pick Up & Go now offers you flight information. So you'll know exactly what time you're departing and arriving.
Just as easy as it is to make a reservation, that's how easy it is to get where you're going on People Express. Thanks to over 200 flights a day, to 49 cities, all for low unrestricted prices.
If you're making your own flight connections, be sure to leave yourself enough time in Newark. Two hours for international flights, one hour for transcontinental flights and 30 minutes for all other flights.

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Amnesty International

When the Wesleyan group receives an Urgent Action notice, a model letter is drawn up, based on the facts that are supplied from AI. Within a week, tables are held, usually in the lobby of Science Center where students can write letters expressing their concern about the case. The letters are then sent to the appropriate officials. In many Urgent Action cases the prisoner is released shortly afterward.

Founded in 1961, from a newspaper article by British lawyer Peter Benenson that urged people to work on behalf of

prisoners of conscience, Amnesty International has grown to over 500,000 members, subscribers and supporters in 160 countries. The more than 3,000 local groups throughout the world work on prisoners held in a country outside their own. This places a unique emphasis on the principle of *international* human rights work. Much of Amnesty's respect in the international community - AI won the Nobel Peace prize in 1977 - stems from the fact that it is completely non-political and impartial. Amnesty refuses to support or denounce any government; it is only concerned with the protection of human rights, regardless of the circumstances.

In response to the heightening violence in South Africa, AI has begun a new campaign which focuses specifically on this country. This campaign will start at Wesleyan the week of April 20th and will continue until the end of the school year. Letter writing tables will be held on behalf of specific South African prisoners of conscience. It is the belief of the campus group that much can be gained on a fundamental level by focussing student energies on specific cases in addition to awareness about the larger issues. Although these larger issues are certainly important, Wesleyan students can make a very real difference in the lives of South African prisoners by writing letters of

appeal. In the words of Amnesty International: "human rights are human responsibility". *

CIA Fools Its Own

Typical of an intelligence gathering service, the CIA held secret off-campus interviews at Oberlin. Having faced protests last year while attempting to recruit on campus, the CIA this year decided to secretly change the whereabouts of its interviewing. This did not deter protests, merely allowed for recruitment to go on in one place while the protest was in another. One student trying to go to an interview was not informed about the change in location, but not to worry, the CIA will probably tap his phone to determine if he has the qualities necessary to join their elite ranks.

Hunger Strikers at Brown

Four Brown University students ended their 10-day hunger strike after being dis-enrolled by the University. The University claimed that they could no longer be responsible for students "posing danger to themselves." The students left the chapel voluntarily to avoid a confrontation. Andi Feron, one of the hunger strikers, said, "That's how the university deals...[they think] that confrontation is how to win....We don't choose to respond that way."

The Undergraduate Council of Students responded by reading a statement saying that the university's action was "an affront to student's rights of free speech and free expression." The University demonstrated its concern for expediency over the health of the students by making "ludicrous" and "impossible" claims demanding daily reports from physicians that would take full responsibility for their condition. Vice President for University Relations Robert Reichley said, "We've been concerned about their health all along. But we're also concerned about our liability." Or was it that they were concerned about the students health because the University might be held responsible?

Special thanks to the Brown Daily Herald, Monday, March 10, 1986.

*Oberlin Alums
Support Divestment*

At Oberlin University, the alumni/ae have joined the students in a call for divestment. The alums resolved: "The Alumni (sic) Council recommends that the Board of Trustees adopt a phased, socially responsible and fiscally sound program to divest Oberlin College of its holdings in for-profit corporations that do business in South Africa..." One alumnae, Ellen Orleans, OC '83, responded by saying, "Oberlin's reluctance to divest is embarrassing in light of past claims to liberalism." Could a more apt statement be made in relation to Wesleyan?

Special thanks to The Oberlin Review.

looks Suspicious?
Too Bad!

U.S. Immigration Agents can't stop cars to look for illegal aliens just because the occupants look Hispanic, the 6th Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals has ruled in upholding a lower court decision.

In a decision affecting about 50,000 migrant workers in the court's jurisdiction, the appeals court struck down the government's appeal of a December 1984 injunction issued by U.S. District Court Judge Richard Enslen in Grand Rapids, Mich.

New York Daily News
3/18/86

Where to Start?

Representative Fortney H. (Pete) Stark, a California Democrat, was amused the other day to receive a publication from the South African Embassy entitled "A New Beginning."

First, there seemed to be that unabashed appropriation of a slogan used by President Reagan five years ago. Second, the text somehow ended up bound into the booklet backwards and upside down, so that "A New Beginning," a speech by President P.W. Botha on racial progress in his nation, actually starts at the end.

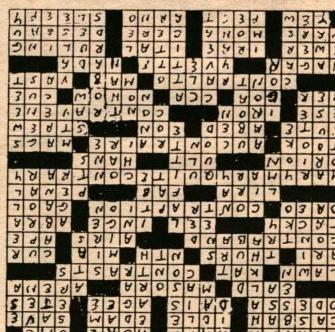
New York Times
4/7/86

By John LaCrosse

The Wesleyan Progressive Alumni/ae Network, WESPAN, has continued its efforts to bring together disaffected alums to act as members of the Wesleyan community once again. The campaign to get alums to withhold money from Wesleyan pending complete divestment has drawn more than 220 names. We hope that many seniors will respond to our mailing in May, greatly increasing the number of people who have made this pledge.

Other projects coming up include a series of two or three panel discussions on life after Wesleyan. Subjects will include "Pursuing a Progressive Law Education", "Political Organizing After Wesleyan", and "Working in Social Services". Wesleyan graduates will be brought back to speak on these various topics. There will also be several WESPAN functions during the next Alumni reunion. Finally, names are now being submitted for nomination to the Board of Trustees, to be elected in 1987.

For more information call John at
267-0075 or drop by the 2nd floor of the
Housing Office on Wednesdays from
9:00 pm to 10:00 pm.



Editorial

We, the Hermes collective, call for the immediate resignation of President Campbell. President Campbell has simply outlived his usefulness to the university. Having come to Wesleyan in 1967 during a period of fiscal instability, Campbell has successfully brought the school back to economic prosperity. The current endowment is well over \$200 million, which represents one of the highest per capita endowments in the country. We acknowledge President Campbell for his fiscal acumen.

However, as Wesleyan has achieved unprecedented economic affluence, our academic life has suffered. Prior to Wesleyan, Campbell worked for the American Stock Exchange in New York, ascending to Vice President of Planning and Government Affairs Division in 1964. The same qualifications that endowed Rajneeshi Campbell with the ability to lead his fanatical devotees on the Board of Trustees into the economic Promised Land left him ill-equipped to deal with Wesleyan as an academic institution. As a result, we find ourselves devoid of intellectual leadership.

Three of the clearest examples of the shortcomings of Campbell's educational leadership are: the surge in student population, the crafting of a new image designed to steal preprofessional students away from "comparable" institutions, and the support of new restrictions on student freedom in order to attract grants and donations from large companies. Our recent shift from college to university status has been purely economically motivated. Despite his hypocritical protestations to our being categorized as a university in a recent issue of *U.S. News and World Report*, President Campbell directed the increase in admissions that has nearly doubled our student body in less than ten years. Was this policy implemented to aid the educational foundations of the university? Or was the motivation the immense tuition that each new student added to the school's coffers? An increase in class size was the educational result of this headlong dive for the wallets of new students. This decision, made for economic reasons at the expense of educational factors, is typical of "King" Campbell's regime.

This trend is further embodied by Wesleyan's new image. Not content to remain a small liberal arts college devoted to non-careerist education, "Il Duce" Campbell has engaged Williams and Amherst in a battle for the more conventional student. The active recruitment of "traditional" students will result in more Wesleyan graduates moving into professional careers. The long range effect of this change would be to bolster alumni/ae and corporate gifts. However enticing the long-term benefits of this trend towards conformity may be, the short-term damage inflicted to the educational experience that is (or once was) Wesleyan cannot be overlooked. The marketing of Wesleyan will serve only to homogenize the student body, thereby co-opting our opportunities to learn outside the classroom.

But the classroom is not safe from Campbell's seemingly insatiable lust for financial prosperity either. The most recent display of Campbell's misguided priorities is his advocacy of the new general education guidelines. Campbell went so far as to promise money from the Ford and other foundations (not to mention his own discretionary fund) if the program was instituted. The educational effects of the proposal are harmful to both students and faculty. The restriction of student freedom under the guidelines of the plan implies a blatant distrust and disrespect of students' competence in choosing their own academic programs. Seminars would be in danger of extinction; lecture classes would become the norm. This places a greater burden on professors as well as being unsatisfactory to the majority of students.

To conclude, the time has come for President Campbell to step down, to be replaced by an educator. Campbell has brought us to financial stability and beyond. However, his administration has proven unresponsive to Wesleyan's academic needs. In this era of educational instability, Wesleyan requires the stewardship of a qualified educational leader. We need a more dignified presence than a man that sneaks out the back door of Downey when confronted with strong student opinion. Colin's terror-stricken flight is indicative of his unwillingness to deal with the needs of the students. We call for an end to the tyranny of "Back-door" Colin.